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GEORGE THE THIRD.

We extract the following characteristic scene from a work just published, entitled "*Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk.*" It describes the progress of a shrewd Scotchman, from humble life to political distinction. The writer of the book was evidently acquainted with the peculiar habits of his late Majesty; and if his well-known condescension and familiarity be somewhat exaggerated, we may forgive this attempt to produce an effect, when we see the author's anxiety to render justice to the goodness of heart, the benevolence, and the patriotism of that exemplary Monarch.

"By sunrise on the Sunday morning, Wylie was brushing the early dew in the Little Park, to taste the freshness of the morning gale, or as he himself better expressed it, to take a snuff of caller air on the brow of the hill. But healthful exercise was not his only reason for being so soon abroad; it occurred to him in the watches of the night, that as his Majesty was an early riser, the household too would of course be stirring with the cock; and that some of them might be more readily met with at that time than later in the morning. Accordingly, he kept a sharp look out on all sides as he strolled through the Park, but he saw only a solitary laundress with a basket of linen on her head, going to the town, and three or four lumpish country boys that came whistling along the footpath from Datchet, in their clod shoes, with white cotton stockings, and the knees of their new velveteen breeches shown in front beneath new smock frocks; the tails of which, behind, were tucked up to show their Sunday coats.

"Somewhat disappointed, but thinking he was still too early for the inmates of the palace, he prolonged his walk towards the meadows; and in stepping over a style, he saw, close before him, a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory headed cane, virled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that either he was an old officer, or one of the Poor Knights of Windsor; for he added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the Noble Order of the Garter. 'This,' said the embryo courtier to himself, 'is just the vera thing that I hae been seeking. I'll make up to this decent carl; for nae doubt he's well acquaint with a' about the King,' and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, 'Strange man—don't know him—don't know him;' and then he paused till our hero had come up.

"'Gude-day, sir,' said Wylie as he approached; 'ye're early a fit on the Sabbath morning: but I'm thinking his Majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety, and early rising.'

"'Scotchman, eh!' said the old gentleman; 'fine morning, fine morning, sir—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the King, eh?' and loudly he made the echos ring with his laughter.

"The senator was a little at a loss

which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty freedom of the salutation, jocularly said, 'It's no easy to answer so many questions all at once; but if ye'll no object to the method, I would say that ye guess right, Sir, and that I come from the shire of Ayre.'

"'Ah, shire of Ayr!—a fine country that—good farming there—no smuggling now among you, eh? No excisemen-shooting Lords now?—Bad game, bad game. Poor Lord Eglinton had a true taste for agriculture; the country, I have heard, owes him much.—Still improving?—Nothing like it—The war needs men—Corn is our dragon's teeth—Potatoes do as well in Ireland, eh?'

"The humour of this sally tickled our hero as well as the author of it, and they both laughed themselves into greater intimacy.

"'Well; but, sir,' said Andrew, 'as I'm only a stranger here, I would like to ask you a question or two about the king, just as to what sort of a man he really is; for we can place no sort of dependence on newspapers or history books, in matters anent rulers and men of government.'

"'What! like Sir Robert Walpole—not believe history?—Scotchmen very cautious.' But the old gentleman added, in a graver accent, 'The King is not so good as some say to him he is: nor is he so bad as others say of him. But I know that he has conscientiously endeavoured to do his duty, and the best man can do no more, be their trusts high or low.'

"'That, I believe, we a' in general think; even the blacknebs never dispute his honesty, though they undervalue his talents. But what I wish to know and understand, is no wi' regard to his kingly faculties, but as to his familiar ways and behaviour—the things in which he is like the generality of the world.'

"'Ha!' said the stranger, briskly relapsing into his wonted freedom, 'very particular, very particular, indeed. What reason friend have you to be so particular?—Must have some.—People never so without reason."

"'Surely, sir, it's a very natural curiosity for a subject to inquire what sort of a man the sovereign is, whom he has sworn to honour and obey, and to bear true allegiance with hand and heart."

"'True, true, true,' exclaimed the old gentleman—'Just remark—Come on business to England?—What business?'

"'My chief business, in truth, sir, at present here is to learn something about the King. I have no other turn in hand at this time.'

"'Turn, turn,' cried the stranger perplexed—'What turn?—Would place the King on your lathe, eh?'

"Our hero did not well know what to make of his quick and versatile companion; and while the old gentleman was laughing at the jocular turn which he had himself given to the Scotticism, he said, 'I'm thinking, friend, ye're commanded not to speak with strangers anent his Majesty's conduct, for ye blink the question, as they say in Parliament.'

"'Parliament!—Been there?—How do you like it?—Much cry, and little wool among them, eh?'

"'Ye say Gude's truth, sir; and I wish they would make their speeches as short and pithy as the King's. I'm told his Majesty has a very gracious and pleasant delivery,' replied our hero, pawkily; and the stranger, not heeding his drift, said, with simplicity,—

"'It was so thought when he was young; but he is now an old man, and not what I have known him.'

"'I suppose,' replied our hero, that you have been long in this service?'

"'Yes, I am one of his oldest servants—Ever since I could help myself,' was the answer, with a sly smile, I may say I have been his servant.'

"'And I dinna doubt,' replied the senator, 'that you have had an easy post.'

"'I have certainly obeyed his will,' cried the stranger, in a lively laughing tone; but changing into a graver, he added, 'But what may be my reward, at least in this world, it is for you and others to judge.'

"'I'm mista'en, then, if it shouldna be liberal,' replied Andrew; 'for ye seem a man of discretion; and, doubtless, merit the post ye have so long possessed. May be some day in Parliament I may call this conversation to mind, for your behoof. The King cannan gang far wrang sae lang as he keeps counsel with such douce and prudent like men, even though ye hae a bit flight of the fancy. What's your name?'

"'The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, 'So you are in Parliament, eh?—I have a seat there too—Don't often go, however—Perhaps may see you there—Good bye, good bye.'

"'Ye'll excuse my freedom, Sir,' said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; 'but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together.'

"'Can't, can't,' cried the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, 'Obliged to breakfast with the King—he won't without me;' and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.

"There was not much in this conversation that satisfied our hero: who perceived that it was no easy matter to gain the sort of knowledge which he had come on purpose to procure: and in the irksome humour which this reflection produced, he consumed the morning loitering in the Park and about the Castle, till his usual breakfast hour, when he returned to the inn.

"During breakfast in the coffee-room, Andrew learned from some of the other strangers, who were similarly employed, that the best opportunity of seeing the Royal Family was when they went and came from Church; for it was not always certain that they would walk on the Terrace in the evening.

"'But,' said he, 'how am I to know the King? for I dinna suppose that his arms are like twa wild beasts, the lion and unicorn. However, I'll avail myself of your counselling, and take my stance as ye advise, at the Royal entrance to St. George's Chapel.'

"Accordingly, at the proper time he was at the place; but the moment that the carriage with their Majesties drew up, he saw the old gentleman whom he had met in the Park alone with the Queen. His heart sank within him at the sight, and he fled abashed and confounded; for he discovered that it was the King himself, and he shrunk with alarm at the liberties he had taken.

"The terrors of this idea, however, abated as he returned to London: and when he called to recollection all that had passed he was satisfied his Majesty was not likely to be displeased with him. By the time he had reached home, he could, indeed, scarcely refrain from smiling at the adventure, when he thought how completely he had succeeded in the object of his excursion, at the very time when he was despairing of any success."

MEMOIR OF THE LATE ARTHUR YOUNG, ESQ. F. R. S. SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

(Concluded from Page 136.)

Mr. Young had married early in life. In 1797 he had the misfortune to lose his youngest daughter, at the age of fourteen. Being a charming child, she was a favourite in no ordinary degree with her father, to whose mind this loss gave a melancholy and sombre tint for the remainder of his life. In addition to this, another unlucky event occurred. His eye-sight now began to fail, and he soon became incapable of either reading or writing without great difficulty. In 1807 he was obliged to recur, for the

first time, to the aid of an amanuensis: in 1811 he was prevailed upon to be couched, but the operation proved ineffectual, and, indeed, detrimental to no common extent; for he was now rendered totally blind. Notwithstanding this, the business of the Board of Agriculture was never suffered to stand still; for his acute and intelligent mind continually embraced the whole circle of his duties. At length he was carried off in consequence of a very trifling event. Almost, if not wholly unknown to himself, he was subject to certain calculous concretions, which, however, affected him but little. Happening one day to sit on a lower seat than usual, the sudden jerk produced the descent of a stone of considerable magnitude; a suppression ensued, and he soon after ceased to exist. Thus died on the 20th of February, 1820, Arthur Young, who has left behind him a name, so far as the rural economy of Great Britain is concerned, inferior to that of no man in the kingdom. His labours, if candidly appreciated, will be found to have been eminently beneficial to the prosperity of his native country. As a writer he was rather expeditious than elegant; but he contrived to render his meaning plain, and his object perspicuous. When the odious commerce in slaves became an object of just and general indignation, he took a distinguished part against the horrible traffic in our fellow creatures; and thus at once evinced his humanity and independence.

In respect to politics, his conduct for some time vacillated with the memorable events of the day. The French revolution, and the horrors consequent to it, perpetrated by a Marat and Robespierre, were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and it is not at all to be wondered that our author should express his detestation with his customary zeal and energy. But it is not a little remarkable, that, in respect to the domestic politics of this country, towards the latter end of his existence he felt, and spoke, and would, if necessary, have acted precisely in the same manner as he had done in the early period of his life. Of late years, too, he had imbibed certain singular notions of his religious duties, some of which he exercised occasionally, and, at times, when it was not to be expected of him. In conversation he was intelligent, abounding with information of various kinds; and no one ever retired uninstructed, after passing an evening in his company. But it was objected by some, that his manner was somewhat too magisterial, and his language too dictatorial, while his mode of expression, perhaps, bordered on the offensive. At other periods, and on other subjects, unconnected with his professional avocations, he was familiar, jocular, and engaging; in fine, he proved eminently serviceable to the island in which he was born, so that his little peculiarities (and he had, perhaps, fewer of a dangerous or disagreeable tendency than most men) have been already forgotten, or are, rather, merged in his patriotism and public virtues. But, after all, it is as a professor of rural economy that his name will be transmitted, both with gratitude and admiration, to posterity.

Let it be recollected that, in one publication alone, by strongly enforcing the folly of bounties, in certain cases, the sum of £40,000 per annum was saved to this country. His private experiments, also, although ruinous to himself, proved highly beneficial to the public. The rock on which he was shipwrecked, at an early period of life, before time had matured his judgment, served to warn the young and the inexperienced against similar dangers. On the other hand, the new modes pointed out, the numerous improvements elicited, the various plans demonstrated to be at once easy, practical, and advantageous, proved sources of wealth to individuals, and of prosperity to the nation. He was a patriot in the best sense of the word. By the extension of the breed of fine woolled sheep, upon all suitable soils, he, in part, effected the noble objects of liberating our woollen manufactures from a

precarious dependence on the Merino breed and numerous sheep-walks of the Peninsula. Another great object was the general substitution of oxen for horses; of oxen which, after labouring for the advantage of man, at length becomes his food; while, on the contrary, the horse, after a few years of toil, during which he consumes the produce of several acres, is thrown to the dog kennel, or becomes a prey to the vilest of animals. On this occasion, he was sanctioned by the authority of a royal correspondent under the name of "Ralph Robinson, of Windsor," who himself followed this practice at his farms in and adjoining the Great Park. Although not an original discovery, for Tull and Ellis had long preceded him, while many able and competent men were both his coadjutors and contemporaries; Mr. Young, however, had the merit to extend the circle of human knowledge, and the taste and good fortune to make that knowledge obvious to all. In no country were his merits better estimated than in France; but there is scarcely a city on the Continents, either of Europe or America, that did not pay some tribute to his talents.

Thus the economical and agricultural societies established at Berne, Zurich, Manheim, Celle, Florence, Milan, Copenhagen, Brussels, New York, Philadelphia, and Vienna, all sent him their diplomas.

About the year 1799, Mr. Young commenced a grand national work, on the elements and practice of agriculture, arising out of the experiments of half a century. So various were his writings that they embrace politics, morals, and theology. In the last of these he was somewhat mystical; but his opinions, however odd or eccentric, never soured his mind or diminished his benevolence. He has left behind him an only son, the Rev. Arthur Young, who, after receiving an excellent education at the University of Cambridge, entered into holy orders, and obtained some ecclesiastical preferment in his native county. On the trial of Arthur O'Connor, and some other Irishmen, at Maidstone, in Kent, a few years ago, he wrote a letter, which, having come into the possession of Mr. Capel Lofft, a barrister, and a magistrate, residing at Bury St. Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk, that gentleman transmitted it to the presiding judge, who gave orders to strike off from the list of jurors all the persons dwelling in the same hundred with the Rev. Divine. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that this gentleman has since been engaged in nobler occupations. Imitating the career of his respected father, he has addicted himself to the cultivation of the arts connected with rural economy. Accordingly, in 1807, he published a general report on enclosures; and, in 1808, he undertook and completed a survey of the agriculture of the county of Sussex. There is somewhat of romance, indeed, connected with his plans and proceedings as a farmer. Such was his zeal for improvement that, not content with the narrow circuit of his native country, and the circumjacent islands, "studded like jewels in the silver sea," he actually repaired to the Crimea, where he purchased many thousands of acres, most advantageously situated in that fertile and extensive country. As an inducement to British emigrants he informed them that no tax-gatherer is ever seen within those blessed regions, where corn grows almost spontaneously, and requires but little aid from the labours of man. We believe, however, that this scheme, hopeful and promising as it first appeared to the ardent imagination of a young man, has either failed in whole or in part. But, by the death of his father, he will inherit some property both patrimonial and acquired.

HIGHLAND ANECDOTES.

The following passages concerning a People with whom Walter Scott's Novels have made us in a manner acquainted, will, we are sure, be read with much interest. They are extracted from Colonel Stewart's *Sketches of*

the Character, Manners, and Present Condition of the Scottish Highlanders:—

"The King (George the Second, having never seen a highland soldier) expressed a desire to see one. Three privates, remarkable for their figure and good looks, were fixed upon and sent to London a short time before the regiment marched. These were Gregor M'Gregor, commonly called Gregor the beautiful; John Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duncaves, Perthshire; and John Grant from Strathspey, of the family of Ballandallack. Grant fell sick and died at Aberfely. The others "were presented by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the King, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers assembled for the purpose, in the Great Gallery at St. James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to his Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which *they gave to the porter at the palace gate as they passed out*."* They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their own country. Such was, in general, the character of the men who originally composed the Black Watch. This feeling of self-estimation inspired a high spirit and sense of honour in the regiment, which continued to form its character and conduct, long after the description of men who originally composed it was totally changed."

* * * *

"In those times of strife and trouble, instances might be given of fidelity and unbroken faith that would fill a volume. The following will show that this honourable feeling was common amongst the lowest and most ignorant. In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentlemen '*who had been out*' in the rebellion, were occasionally concealed in a deep woody den near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, intrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they would not imagine that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and consequently no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends of the gentlemen, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way. Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. 'He did not know what they wanted;—he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them,' and turning away, walked in quite a contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum, (five shillings was of some value seventy years ago, and would have bought two sheep in the highlands,) he suspected they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap the gentlemen."

In the following anecdote there is, we think, something peculiarly affecting. It shows the strength of that principle of clanship by which these people were bound to each other; which nourished in the minds of the very poorest the honourable pride of ancient birth, and made each man consider himself, in all the circumstances of life, the representative and guardian of the rights and honours of his ancestors and brethren.

"Alexander Macleod, from the isle of Skye, was some years ago seized with a fatal illness in Glenorchy, where he died. When he found his end approaching, he earnestly requested that

* Westminster Journal.

he might be buried in the burying-ground of the principal family of the district, as he was descended from one as ancient, warlike, and honourable; and that he would not die in peace if he thought his family would be dishonoured in his person, by being buried in a mean and improper manner. Although his first request could not be complied with, he was buried in a corner of the church-yard, where his grave is preserved in its original state by the venerable pastor of Glenorchy."

We may trace the same feeling in the following instance:—

"The attachment and friendship of kindred, families, and clans, were confirmed by many ties. It has been a uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melford, Dunstroon, and Dunstaffnage, that, when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the two other lairds, one of whom supported the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner friendship took the place of the nearest consanguinity; for even the oldest sons of the deceased were not permitted to interfere with this arrangement. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyle, who took this method of preserving the friendship, and securing the support of their posterity to one another."

The superstitions of the highlanders are very extraordinary. We must not omit the following remarkable instance of the second-sight which occurred in the family of the gallant author, and is one of the many instances which makes it impossible to doubt the strength of that wonderful delusion:—

"Late in an autumnal evening, in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke little, and seemed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived, he enquired for a boy of the family, then about three years of age. When shown into the nursery, the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and complaining that they would not fit. 'They will fit him before he will have occasion for them,' said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse for predicting evil to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, who had heard his observation on the shoes, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second sight with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation, when he told them, that as he approached the end of a wooden bridge thrown across a stream a short distance from the house, he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer, he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people. He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right in the direction of the church-yard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed from what he had seen with a feeling of awe; and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. In this apprehension he was more confirmed, as he knew my father was at Blair, and that he had left his own father at home an hour before. The whole received perfect confirmation in his mind by the sudden death of the boy the following night, and the consequent funeral, which was exactly like that before represented to his imagination. This gentleman was not a professed seer. This was his first and his last vision; and, as he told me, it was sufficient. No reasoning or argument could convince him that the appearance was an illusion. When a man of education and general knowledge of the world, as this gentleman was, became so bewildered in his imaginations, and that even so late as the year 1773, it cannot be matter of surprise that the poetical enthusiasm of the highlanders, in their days of romance and chi-

vairy, should have predisposed them to credit wonders which so deeply interested them."

The following are strong instances of that simplicity and nice sense of honour which we believe to be characteristic of this people:—

"In the common transactions of the people, written obligations were seldom required; and although bargains were frequently conducted in the most private manner*, there were few instances of a failure in, or denial of, their engagements. A gentleman of the name of Stewart agreed to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbour. When they had met, and the money was already counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt. As soon as the lender (grandfather of the late Mr. Stewart of Balachulish) heard this, he immediately collected the money, saying that a man who could not trust his own word without a bond, should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money, which he put up in his purse and returned home. An inhabitant of the same district kept a retail shop for nearly fifty years, and supplied the whole district, then full of people, with all their little merchandize. He neither gave nor asked any receipts. At Martinmas of each year, he collected the amount of his sales, which was paid to a day. In one of his annual rounds, a customer happened to be from home, consequently he returned unpaid; but before he was out of his bed the following morning, he was awakened by a call from his customer, who came to pay his account. After the business was settled, his neighbour said, 'You are now paid; I would not for my best cow that I should sleep while you wanted your money after your term of payment, and that I should be the last in the country in your debt.' Unfortunately, new regulations, new views of highland statistics, and the novel practice of letting land to the highest bidder, regardless of the fidelity and punctual payment of old occupiers, have made a melancholy change."

It grieves us to hear of the change to which Colonel Stewart here alludes. Throughout the whole work there is a strain of very affecting lamentation over the perishing characteristics of this noble people. To what causes are these changes to be attributed? That is an interesting question, but one on which we cannot at present enter.

* When their money agreements or other negotiations were to be concluded and confirmed, the contracting parties went out by themselves to the open air, and looking upwards, called heaven to witness their engagements, at the same time each party repeating the promise of payment, and, by way of seal, putting a mark on some remarkable stone, or other natural object, which had been noticed by those ancestors whose memory they so much respected and loved.

WITCHCRAFT.

(From the Retrospective Review.)

There are very faint traces, if any, of witchcraft in this country prior to the Reformation. Magic, sorcery, astrology, and apparitions, were not uncommon. Hubert, Earl of Kent, was accused (A. D. 1232) of drawing royal favour to himself by sorcery, and stealing from the king's jewel-house a stone that would make a man invisible. About thirty years after, Roger Bacon was twice summoned to Rome to give an account of his conjurations. The story of King Duffus of Scotland, and his sweating sickness, caused by the roasting of a waxen image, in the tenth century, is probably apocryphal, and if not, might be merely magic. The minions of the Duchess of Gloucester in the reign of Henry VI. seem to have only pretended to astrological prediction: as was also the case with Friar Hopkins, who is said to have died of grief at having brought his patron, the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, to the scaffold, and with those whose tricks had a like lamentable result to Lord Hungerford. Sorcery was imputed to Jane Shore, by Richard III. and afterwards to several Lancasterians,

including the Countess of Richmond, and Dr. Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Inspiration and prophetic visions were claimed by Elizabeth Barton, the Maid of Kent. Still, the compact with the Devil was unknown here, though it had become very frequent on the Continent. In 1541, an act was passed, the first in our laws, against conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, and pulling down crosses. It is supposed to have been designed against the Reformers, and was repealed in the first of Edward VI. though there was a direction, in "*Cranmer's Articles of Visitation*," two years after, to inquire after "any that used charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft, invented by the Devil; which was invented in Elizabeth's reign, with the addition, "especially in the time of women's travail."—There were several trials for conjuration and astrology in the early part of this reign, and the Countess of Lennox, with four others, was condemned for treason, for inquiring how long the Queen would live. But, in 1562, a new statute against witchcraft was enacted, more lenient than that of James, which followed, as it only visited the first conviction with pillory; and from this time the offence was on the increase, till that sapient ruler, who taught divinity like a king, and made laws like a priest, signalized the first year of his reign by making it felony to suckle imps, &c. and then the mischief rapidly mounted to its height, which it attained by the aid of that "vigour beyond the law," which the triumphing fanatics afterwards put forth, in the abundance of their zeal and wisdom.

To be continued.

PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.

Are there balances here to weigh the flesh.—*Merchant of Venice.*

I have no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the Tatler, has in his brief way given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an Essay expressly on it. Possibly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in the question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer to the description:—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mad speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes nursed and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a nest of pleasant fellows though they may be wise men or mad men, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every other man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good welcome, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others, but these are the distinguished features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loath to part so soon—have a boyish joyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose, but the last is a contemptible mongrel breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and woman kind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference; taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self respect, in trifles, to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any; having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercurial-minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence, and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for has he none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the goodly worship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds communion, in every thought, with those beatified spirits that

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
And for the testimony of truth have borne
Universal reproach——
Though worlds
Judged them perverse——

that look on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never "backbone" men; they are ever heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarreling is not "their cue;" but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good, I admit, well measured and doled out; but in this way they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination, and looks to the naked reality; the other, with imagination, "aggravates" either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and to use an apology of Fielding's, "I am not writing a system, but a history, and am obliged to reconcile every matter." But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is roused only by extraordinary circumstances. But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burthen; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he will not lend a hand, and give the groan to your "three man beetle" labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest, but has no fancy to "bear the logs the while."

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishments of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; "let the gall'd jade wince, their withers are unwrung;" "let the world go whistle," they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that the man, mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amability in jeopardy. Yet these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it; and there is no unpleasant shadow either of memory or anticipation to overcast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject "to every skiey influence," but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure of proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity;—a bubble does not trouble because it has fallen on him; he remembers the stoning of Stephen;—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills "that flesh is heir to," and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected to in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to the one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the Battle of Waterloo; to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual people; there is no engrossing passion, no oppressive thought, no prejudice, and, therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimates of unpleasant people, we will give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deduction from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callosity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

It was the pleasant fellow of his time that Ben Jonson described in a very clever Epigram on "The Town's Honest Man:"

You wonder who this is, and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame;
Naming so many too! but this is one
Suffers no name, but a description;
A subtle thing that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company it's in.
Takes hold and hawdy, has a gather'd deal
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink,
Do all that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,
Except the duel: can sing songs and catches,
Give every one his dose of mirth: *and watches*
Where wine's unwelcome to the present eyes,
And ham it hes on;—

The point of some part of this description was confined to the poet's

age; but much of it is of universal application, and suited to all times. To watch "whose name's unwelcome to the present ear" is just the reverse of the unpleasant man; who, as people always bear too hard on the follies or vices of others, is sure to be opposed to his company, because he loves truth and justice better than agreement and pleasantry. I think the Dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's Nature and Art, had a little of the pleasant fellow about him; and the following description will serve to show the character under other circumstances, and in more important situations, than we have yet considered it:—

If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarreled with her: if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence, in the hope of amending her failings: but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world.

This is the pleasant Benedict!

It is some proof with me, of the justice of these distinctions, that men's characters are essentially different in their different relations; and even where they are most anxious to be pleasant, they are rarely successful. Few of us have found our fathers pleasant fellows, although many of them, of course, were superlatively so to other people; and I hope our sons will object the same thing to us. The interest we have in our children is too great, the stake is too large, to be sported with; our hopes and fears are perpetually outrunning the occasion; we are the sport of possibilities, and cannot enjoy the real present, from some glimpse of an unreal feature; we question how far chuck-farthing and marbles lead to the gambling-table, and our shins ache at foot-ball before the boys are kicked. All this makes strange havock with our temper—frets and irritates us—whereas, equality and indifference are the sure footing of a pleasant fellow. A man is little fitted, with a thousand such speculations on his mind, to take all things smoothly, and to be himself the centre of sociality.

The turn of thought here might serve, if the occasion were fitting, to hazard a word or two of domestic education. This is brief. It is not enough that a father does on occasion "turn his solemnness out of doors;" he must keep it there. Besides, fathers are not only too "solemn," but too much with their children, and too full of thought and anxiety; they are eternally thinking for them, whereas children must think for themselves. They love to feel their own independence. If a father decided for home education, it should be where there is room enough for the boy to lose himself, or rather to lose his father: where he might get out of the reach of thought, of care, and consequently of danger, for he knows of none that is not pointed out to him. In my opinion, a father has not to try his knowledge, but his nerves before he undertakes the education of his son; and if he can see him stagger along a parapet, swing on the rotten branch of a tree, plunge into the water "reeking hot" in the dog days, in fact, hazard limbs and life itself without a hint of caution, he is not only fitted to be pedagogue to his own family, but has many requisites to make a pleasant fellow, there or any where else.

But this little disgression has broken in upon my sketch, which I shall now leave to be filled up by the reader's imagination. Mr. Hazlitt's character is, I think, of a good natured man. How far they have points in agreement I know not, not having read his Essays since its first publication; but good nature has reference in my view to a deeper feeling, and even to some positive virtue, which though it may be found in, is not at all essential to, the character of a pleasant fellow. Yet even good nature itself is too profitable a virtue; it is a venture that hath most usurious return: it is not, nor is it any thing like, *goodness of nature* which "I take" says Lord Bacon, "to

be *the affecting of the Weale of Men*, what the Grecians called philanthropia;" goodness of nature is, in fact, so far different from good nature, that it is the very nature that sometimes spoils a man's temper:—"that affection for the weal of men" will throw a gloom over the mind, and dash a whole afternoon's pleasantness.

THE SHADES.

No. 2.

The next among the worthies that frequent "The Shades" is David Broker—as worthy a little fellow as ever murdered Mozart, Haydn, or Viotti, by scraping, as Ephraim Smooth hath it, "the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat." But as my friend David does not like much *gammon*, the less I say about him, in order to save my *bacon*, the better.—After him (rather before him, perhaps, in point of size, though God made them—therefore I will pass that) comes honest Michael West. I call him honest, as other people call their friends honest, namely, *because* he has never been detected picking pockets, house-breaking, or any other of those amusing pursuits, which the illiberal feelings of some men call dishonesty. When Mike picks pockets it is after another fashion—with two-and-fifty bits of pasteboard—to the truth of which the state of my purse has *often* given reluctant evidence. I must mention a characteristic anecdote of Michael, which ought to be, nay is going to be, for any thing I know to the contrary, recorded in letters of gold over the chimney-piece in "The Shades." Every body must remember the bonfires and the illuminations, the squibs and the crackers, the dinners and the wine bibbings, that took place in every corner of the kingdom upon the day when his most gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, was crowned. My friend, Mike, I should here remark, resides at a village some two or three miles from the town of ——. On this important day, it was his intention to dine with some other loyal fellows in the town, and as there were to be grand illuminations, &c., Mrs. West was brought to wait at a friend's house until the evening, when Michael "nothing loth" was to escort her over the town. All this was very natural, and just as it should be, but owing to some *accident* he forgot his engagement, and walked home. The next day about noon, a July sun then blazing in its greatest splendour, Mike was met hastening into the town. "Why, where are you going in such a hurry?" demanded his friend. "Going," replied Michael, with the utmost *naïveté* (having awoke with a confused recollection of his yesterday's promise), "Going to show my wife the illuminations!"—The next on my list is Jem Cole, one whose simplicity of understanding lays him open to the unmerciful quizzing of the wits in "The Shades," more especially Bill Jones, who delights in his "One, Two, Three," *a la Randall*, upon the unfortunate Jem, whenever he imitates, or attempts to fritter an original pun of Jack Freeman's. Cole, indeed, cannot open his mouth in the presence of Bill Jones, but he is snapped up "short as a carrot" (as Virgil has it). There was some society being formed a short time since, to which Cole was inviting Jones. After explaining the subject, Cole said, "but I will send you the rules." "Don't talk of *Rules*," says Bill, "it puts one in mind of the *King's Bench*!"

I have now introduced the principal frequenters of "The Shades"; the others may be considered rather as loungers than subscribers. I have done my duty to my country by introducing to the Literati "The Shades," and each gentleman that I have mentioned has promised to perform his by favouring me with an essay in turn. The next number will be an *opening* paper ("of *James's Powders*," Jack Freeman, who is looking over me, has just whispered, from the landlord; the subject is on the utility of laughing, morally, philosophically, and rationally considered; together with a variety of remarks on

the present state of green peas, and the probability of a severe winter about November next—*Important to Agriculturists, and grinners for gold-laced hats!* The next Essay will be from Jack Freeman, who undertakes to prove, in the clearest manner, that punning is by no means a modern invention, but on the contrary was practised by Homer and Wat Tyler. This essay will be illustrated by much sound reasoning, and will display a deep research into the literature of the ancients, particularly Young's "Night Thoughts," and the novels of Miss Edgeworth. Bill Newland will follow Freeman in an elaborate article upon the present state of Comic Pantomimes, glancing occasionally at the shape, and the intention of the manufacture of *Bobbing Joans*, giving strictures also, upon the popularity of Punchinello a very amusing subject; and the references to our early dramatists, Marlowe, Maturin, Shirley, and Tobin, render it worthy the attention of all who delight in *Black Letter* mysteries. Bill Jones will next appear. He has written an essay on the poetry of the ancients Spencer, Crabbe, Dryden, and Moore; —a most interesting paper, in which the author, amidst numberless refined and classical allusions and observations, traces the celebrated ballad of "Little Jack Horner," to the time of King John. There will also be given some original scraps as specimens of the modern school of poetry, and a blank verse apostrophe to "The Shades." David Broker has undertaken to furnish an essay upon segar-smoking, and brandy and water, enriching it with a digression upon the nature of puffing. Michael West undertakes to show, upon very clear grounds, that day-light is not a proper time to see candles, or even gas, to advantage, and closes the paper with an epigram, much to the purpose, which he says he has found in an old newspaper. Jem Cole has promised to prove, in a long essay, that the celebrated Author of "Waverley" is no other than Matthews, the comedian! This number will be interesting, inasmuch as he introduces much matter upon the subject of anonymous writing in general, but of "Tom Thumb" and "Jack the Giant-killer" in particular, giving some shrewd guesses as to the compilers of those celebrated histories. In short, all are so eager in the prosecution of their designs, that I fear the only difficulty attending my labours will be in selecting, so as not to offend the well known sensitive feeling of authors.

VARIETIES.

Arthur Onslow.—This celebrated Speaker of the House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable country public-house, which for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part in the vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family, and customers. He continued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and his family, who, not knowing his name, called him "the gentleman," but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking along Parliament-street, when he met the Speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne, and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognising the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family, all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties, which at different times they had taken with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual with his holiday face and manners, and prepared to take his usual seat, but found every thing,

in ate of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The children were not allowed to climb upon him, and pull his wig, as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid the reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

Steam Carriage.—Mr. Griffiths of Brompton, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world by his travels in Asia Minor, and other works, has at length solved the long considered problem of propelling by STEAM, carriages *capable of transporting merchandise, and also passengers, upon common roads without the aid of horses,* for which he has secured a patent. The actual construction of such a carriage is now proceeding at the manufactory of Messrs. Bramah, and its appearance in action may be expected to take place in the course of the spring. The power to be applied in this machine is equal to that of six horses, and the carriage altogether will be twenty-eight feet in length, running upon three inch wheels, and equal to the conveyance of three and a half tons, with a velocity of from three to seven miles per hour, varied at pleasure. The saving in carriage of goods, will be fifty per cent. and for passengers inside fares will be taken at outside prices.

POETRY.

A JOURNEY IN AMERICA.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Ah! Jerry! how nobler a prospect engages
The wight who ascends our American stages!
The coachman (I should say "the driver") takes care
To sit, as he ought, cheek by jowl with the fare.
No springs prop the body; the sides of the coach
Are open to let any trade wind approach.
The roof is supported by six wooden shanks,
The passengers sit upon six wooden planks,
And the horses, quite civilly, kept down their jumps,
Tolet me in, clambering over their rumps.
Your bowling-green roads, water'd well by trustees,
Are merely constructed for safety and ease;
You "run on the nail," so decidedly dry,
You are puzzled to know if you ride, swim, or fly.
How different our practice here *Nature* displays
Her steepest of hills, and her roughest of ways.
O'er pebbles like rocks, and o'er Brobdignag logs,
The up-and down vehicle swings, dives, and jogs,
This saves introductions, a mere waste of labour,
It brings every man *tete-a-tete* with his neighbour,
And makes him, however, at starting unwilling,
As smooth, ere he parts, as a George the Third shilling.

We dined on the road upon junks of beef'd yam,
Beef, apple-pie, cabbage, potatoes, and ham.
A man in a corner ate beef and horse-radish;
I told him I reckon'd his roads rather baddish.
"Roads?" answer'd the sage, 'twixt a croak and a squall,
"I guess we had rather have no roads at all.

When first they were dug, we were mightily *rail'd*,
The President's sport, I remember, we spoil'd:
We bore off his faggots, hand-barrow, and clay,
And took off by night what he laid on by day.
You don't seem to answer me, Mister; mayhap
You're strange in these parts; a new salt-water chap:
Where d'ye *keep*? What a face! Oh, it is not yet taun'd;
Have you been here a *lengthy* time, old one? How's land?"

These questions, I own, made me simper and stammer:
I wish you would let me have Cobbett on Grammar:
He lived in Long Island, and surely must teach
The English America's eight parts of speech.
Do send it me soon, for I feel at a loss ere I
Dive in that patriot's Columbian Glossary.

For want of that key, how I sigh when I miss
The *wit* that is lock'd up in caskets like this—
"What's your daughter's name?"—"Jane."—"Have you dined?"—"Yes, a craw full."
"I've an item of that."—"Aye?"—"I hope she's not *awful*."
"Is your son his own *boss*?"—"Yes, he *keeps* by that hedge."
"How his health?"—"Mighty *grand*, and his spirits are *kedge*."
He bought his own *store* by an *elegant* trick,
At a *lag*."—"How's his bus'ness?"—"*Progressively slick*."
"Tom's *done up*, I guess; but he wa'n't much to blame."
"How's Billy?"—"*Clear'd out*."—"What an *almighty* shame!"
"I'll bet you a *cent*, he recovers his station."
"Guess how much he owes me?"—"Ten dollars!"—"Tarnation!"
"My tea is too weak: I am never so *sprg*
"As when I've a *raft* of good tea."—"No, nor I."
"Ma'am, where does your young one *hang out*?"—"Doctor Tebb's."
"They put him last week in his *ebbs* and his *ebbs*.
"They say the *young shaver* has got 'em by heart,"
"Then he takes to his learning?"—"Yes, *awfully smart*."

What a pity it is, that you poor British caitiffs
Don't learn how to talk of our elegant natives.
These flowers of speech, and these graces of style,
Have not yet cross'd o'er to your desolate isle.
Deprived of a tutor to point out the wit
Of these spritely sallies, dumb-founded I sit,
Like a Tooley-street clerk in the Opera pit!
Up and down, at an inn, while the mercantile throng
Are stretching their legs (much already too long,)
Like a cork in a mill-dam, I bibbety-bob it,
Without mate or rudder; so pray send me Cobbett.
You say that you're thinking to emigrate too,
And ask me to tell you what course to pursue;
I'll answer your question by questioning you.
But, Jerry, I pray, while you take, keep a hint;
I'm ruin'd if it ever gets into print.

Can you ride in a cart when the weather is foggy?
Can you get, every night, not quite tipsy, but groggy?
If wet, at the fire of an inn can you sit
Round and round, to get dry, like a goose on the spit?
In telling a tale can you ponder and prose?
Can you spit thro' your teeth? Can you talk thro' your nose?
Can you sit out the second-hand tragical fury
Of emigrant players, discarded from Drury?
Can you place Poet Barlow above Poet Pope?
Can you wash, at an inn, without towel or soap?
Can you shut either eye to political knavery?
Can you make your white liberty mix with black slavery?
Can you spit on the carpet and smoke a cigar?
If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are!